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Office Hours, before 9, and 1 to 3.

HELEN KELLER

BY

M. ANAGNOS

[REPRINTED FROM THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE
PERKINS INSTITUTION AND MASSACHUSETTS
SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.]

BOSTON
PRESS OF GEO. H. ELLIS
1889

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HELEN KELLER — DEAF, DUMB, BLIND.

[The plates of Helen's two pictures have been kindly lent to us by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers of the WIDE AWAKE.—M. A.]

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19 May '40
Completed
Jan. 9.

“Nor strong tower, nor wall of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.”

SHAKESPEARE.

The case of little Helen Keller is a most striking illustration of the truth, which is tersely but graphically expressed in the above lines of the poet.

When nineteen months old, this remarkable child was suddenly attacked by a severe illness, which, although brief in duration, destroyed her senses of sight and hearing. As both these royal avenues of perception were hopelessly closed, the tiny victim was at once isolated from her environment, and sunk in the bosom of thick night and profound stillness. She could no longer hear the music of the birds and the soothing lullaby of her loving mother, nor see the beauty of the flowers and the smiling faces of those around her. The sun and moon and every starry light were eclipsed to her, and the booming of the cannon and the thunder, “winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,” ceased to have the slightest effect upon her sealed ears. To her all was black and peaceful, silent and awful. Hers seemed to be the secluded lot of an exile in the world, debarred from human fellowship, shut out from all that is

sweet in intercourse with others, and doomed in the very midst of the crowd to the misery of solitary confinement. The following words of Sir Walter Scott give as characteristic a description of her position in society as if they had been written for that express purpose:—

“ ’Twas a prison room
Of stern serenity and gloom.”

But, although Helen's physical frame, deprived of its principal channels of communication with the material world, became a sort of dismal dungeon cutting her off “from the cheerful ways of men,” her unfettered spirit was neither crushed nor maimed, nor reduced to drowsy inertia and fatal stupor by the mournful sullenness and dead silence of its encasement. On the contrary, like a caged lark, impatient of its captive state, it was constantly striving for a vent whereby to get abroad, to go out and examine the relations of external things, to come in contact with living creatures and inanimate objects.

While Helen's mind was thus laboring to escape from the strong tower of its imprisonment, my friend and former pupil, Miss Anna M. Sullivan, was engaged by Captain Keller at my recommendation to aid his little daughter in her strenuous efforts to gain freedom. Fully conscious of the magnitude of the task, the young teacher entered upon the duties of her holy mission with much diffidence and not a few misgivings as to the completeness of her equipment and its adequacy to meet the requirements. But she

was determined not to disappoint those who placed implicit confidence in her ability. Nor was there any ground for serious apprehension of failure on her part. She had no uncertain problems to solve, no untried experiments to make, no new processes to invent, and no trackless forests to traverse. Her course was clearly and definitely indicated by the finger of the illustrious liberator of Laura Bridgman. His glorious achievement stood before her like a peerless beacon, illumining her pathway, urging her onward, and filling her heart with hope and encouragement.

On taking charge of her little pupil, Miss Sullivan saw at a glance that she had an extraordinarily bright child to deal with, and that what was so wonderfully made could not be kept in endless shade. The ebullieny of Helen's mental activity, and the outbursts of despair which followed the failure of her attempts to make herself understood by the members of her family, convinced the teacher that there was a tremendous intellectual force locked up and suppressed in a dismal grave, struggling for an outlet, and ready to shatter its barriers. Following the simplest and most direct methods of Dr. Howe, Miss Sullivan sought anxiously to find some aperture in the rocky walls of the cavern, through which to convey the pabulum of knowledge to a starving soul. Her efforts were rewarded with a speedy and grand success. Helen's darkened mind was reached through the sense of touch, and was filled with rays of celes-

tial light. The stupendous feat was accomplished instantaneously, as by the touch of a magic wand. The little prisoner was triumphantly rescued, and became at once a citizen of the world. She is no longer disinherited from her human estate, and treads the earth with buoyant footsteps and a light heart. Freed from her double incarceration, and lifted from her bondage, she stands now upon the mount of mental vision, and receives her inspiration directly from external sources. Her deliverance from the dreadful abyss of blackness and solitude was hailed with joy in every direction ; and, while she is still contending against fearful odds, the people at large watch her with loving sympathy, encourage her in her attempts to gain intellectual light, feel pride in her achievements, applaud her triumphs, cheer her with appreciative words and cordial greetings, and urge her to go forward.

In my last annual report I published a short sketch of Helen's case, together with a most interesting and instructive account of her history, and of the means and methods employed in her education, written by Miss Sullivan. I shall now notice in brief such of the developments or striking phenomena as have occurred during the past year, dividing them into physical, intellectual, and moral.

Before proceeding with my story, I deem it my duty to state, that personal observation and careful study of the multiform phases presented by this human marvel have convinced me, that there is not the

slightest exaggeration in what has been said about her. This opinion is shared by all who have come in contact with her.

Helen enjoys excellent health. Her appetite is exceedingly good, and her sleep, which, in the language of the poet, constitutes the "chief nourisher in life's feast," is sound and unbroken. Her bodily growth has been perfectly symmetrical. She is now eight years and four months old, and her height is four feet, five inches and three-fourths. Her waist measures twenty-four inches, and her head, which is broad and full, measures twenty-one inches and a half in circumference,—in a line drawn around it and passing over the prominences of the parietal and those of the frontal bones. The measurement over the head from the orifice of one ear to that of the other is eleven inches and three-fourths, and from the chin to the top of the crown it is thirteen inches. Notwithstanding the rapidity of her physical development, her frame is so fitly proportioned and so well filled out, her stature so erect, her features so symmetrical, and her figure so graceful, that the following words seem to be peculiarly fitting to her case:—

"How tall she grows ! What subtle grace
Doth every movement animate !
With garments gathered for the race,
She stands a goddess, plump and straight."

Helen's mind is incessantly active, and its energy is so intense that men of the medical profession often ask the question, "does she rest well?" and seem to

be surprised at the unexpected affirmative reply, which is invariably given to them. There is sufficient ground, however, not only for mere apprehension, but for serious fear, lest the continual excitement of her brain should undermine her health. Of this danger both her teacher and her parents are fully aware, and they are very careful to guard against it. They cause her to take appropriate bodily exercise daily, and avoid everything that might produce disturbance in the nervous system, or serve to stimulate vigorous thought. Since March last no regular instruction has been given to her either in reading, writing, arithmetic, or any other branch. Nevertheless, it is utterly impossible to prevent her studying. Whether she is in the house or in the garden, out in the open country or in the crowded streets of a city, on land or on the water, she finds everywhere abundant materials for a lesson in geography or botany or mathematics, or on some other subject. As soon as she enters a car on a horse railroad, she wants to know the color of the animals, the names of the conductor and driver, the number of the passengers, and whether there are any babies among them, and asks what can be seen on either side of the vehicle as it moves along on the track. In June last she visited the Bunker Hill monument at Charlestown, in company with her mother, her teacher, and her friend, Mrs. Hopkins, and manifested great interest in its history and in its height. She had hardly reached the ground after descending from the top of the

tower, when she informed her companions that there were two hundred and ninety-two steps in it, missing only two from the exact number.

For six weeks I have had the rare pleasure of sitting by her side at the table, and of walking, playing, romping, and travelling with her constantly, and only once during this period did I see her exhibit a spirit of impatience. This occurred during a visit to Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, where, after examining various articles, such as a model of the "Mayflower," a spinning wheel, Peregrine White's cradle, and several ancient chairs, tables, and utensils, she was very much disappointed because everything was not explained to her minutely, and because she was not allowed to lay her hands on the contents of the cabinets, and on all the precious relics that are treasured in that sacred shrine. Her hunger for knowledge is insatiate. She is always on the *qui vive* for something new which seems beyond her reach. No sooner does one begin to converse with her, than the interrogatives, "why," "how many," "who," "what," "when," and "where," fly from her fingers in rapid succession.

This constant seeking after information, and incessant mental alertness, taxing as they do the intellectual and reasoning faculties to the utmost, might prove calamitous to a person of ordinary organization; but fortunately Helen is provided with a safeguard of inestimable value in her cheerful temperament, for she is ever merry, lively, and hopeful. She is full of sportiveness and glee, of fun and frolic.

She has in a full measure the buoyancy and gayety of childhood. When playing with other little girls and boys, her shrill laugh sounds loudest in the group.

“ A sweet, heart-lifting cheerfulness,
Like spring-time of the year,
Seems ever on her steps to wait.”

This glad flow of spirits is one of the main tributaries to the stream of her physical well-being; for, of all the mental dispositions that exert a favorable influence upon health, cheerfulness is the most potent. It is a peculiarly excellent tonic, and the “best cordial of all.” It is a perpetual song without words, promoting harmony of soul, and refreshing mind and body as much as actual rest.

“ It gives to beauty half its power,
The nameless charm, worth all the rest,—
The light that dances o’er a face,
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.”

Indeed, joy, mirth, hope, and a sense of contentment may be classed among the strongest and most effective sanitary agencies. They stimulate the respiration and circulation, and aid the various organs of the body to perform all their functions smoothly and powerfully.

It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Helen has not the slightest perception of light or of sound. She is totally blind and deaf. On the other hand, the acuteness of her remaining senses, and especially that of touch and feeling generally,

has been brought to perfection by constant exercise. She recognizes her friends as soon as her fingers come in contact with their hands or with their dress, and not the faintest odor escapes her notice. When any one begins to play on the pianoforte, on the organ, or on any other instrument, her brain is instantly informed of the fact through the vibrations of the floor. While attending one of the weekly concerts in our hall last summer, she became so animated and enlivened by the strains of the music, that it was quite difficult to prevent her from indulging in dancing. Of this diversion she is very fond, having learned its rhythmic movements by feeling the motions of the feet and the bend of the knee of one of her little companions, who was trying to teach her the Terpsichorean art.

Helen's mind has developed itself in a remarkable manner during the past year. By cheerful toil and patient labor she has gathered a rich harvest of general information, and has made astonishing progress in the acquisition of language. Her vocabulary has increased to such an extent as to comprehend more than three thousand words, which she can spell without a mistake and employ accurately in composition. This is a marvellous achievement, for there is no pupil in any of the schools for the blind, from the lowest up to the highest grade, who is so thoroughly acquainted with the intricacies of orthography, and none in those for deaf-mutes who can use idiomatic English with such ease and precision. Nay, more!

There is no child of her age, in full possession of its faculties, who could accomplish in several years what she has done in nineteen months.



HELEN READING AND SPELLING.

The story of the progress made by this little human being is like a romance. It is fraught with interesting and instructive incidents, and opens to all intelligent persons new sources of thought and wonder. As will be seen by the extracts from her diaries, and by her letters, she has gained an uncommon facil-

ity and copiousness of expression. She takes great delight in reading to herself. Indeed, it is an indescribable pleasure to watch her beaming and ever-changing countenance as the sentences fall from her fingers. Little stories, written in a simple style, offer, of course, peculiar attractions to her; but, no matter what the nature of an embossed book is, she will occupy herself with it for hours, apparently feasting on its contents.

One evening she put her hand on a copy of Bach's chorals, selected and edited by Mr. John S. Dwight for the use of the blind, which was lying on my desk; and, as she turned a few leaves, she began to inquire the meaning of the words *wie, schön, leuchtet*, etc., which formed part of the title of the first hymn. No explanation was given to her then about the German or any other foreign tongue. This was done, however, on the evening of the 8th of July, when she was anxious to know what Latin was, having just heard it mentioned by a pupil of the high school as one of the studies there. On being told by her teacher that it was a foreign language, spoken by an ancient people and altogether different from ours, Helen caught the idea instantly, and learned in a few minutes the words *mensa, homo, pater, mater, puer, puera*, and *soror*, most of which were spelled to her only once.

The next day she left Boston for Brewster, where she was to spend the summer months playing, bathing, and gathering shells and seaweeds; but on the 14th of August I received a note from her, saying that she was studying French with her teacher, and

giving as specimens of her work several short sentences, in which there was but a single inaccuracy, the expression *ma chère*, instead of *mon cher monsieur*, being used twice. I need scarcely remark that I was both delighted and surprised at this new revelation. In the same letter, she spoke of her future intentions and of her thirst for general information in the following words: "I will learn to talk Latin, too, and some day you will teach me Greek. I do want to learn much about everything." While bathing at the seashore at Brewster, she made the acquaintance of a German lady, who, responding to her wishes, taught her a few German words.

On her return to Boston at the opening of our school, Helen seemed very eager to study Greek; and, in answer to her constant inquiries, I spelled to her, from time to time, in the simplest possible form, a number of words and short familiar phrases, such as *dendron*, tree; *dactylidion*, ring; *triches*, hair; *kalè eméra*, good morning; *kalè nykta*, good night; *pōs échete*, how do you do; *kalōs*, well; *chære*, good-by, and many others of the same character. That the little witch should have stored in the capacious treasury of her memory every scrap of knowledge which she had picked up in her irregular linguistic excursions, and that she should be able to use it correctly whenever she pleases, seems inconceivable. Yet the following *fac-simile* of a letter which she wrote to me while making a visit at the kindergarten for the blind,—differing from the original only in the under-

lining of the foreign words and sentences,—leaves not a shadow of doubt on this point:—

Roxbury, Mass, Oct. 17th.
 Mon cher Monsieur Anagnos.
 I am

sitting by the window
 and the beautiful sun is
 shining on me. I teach
 and I came to the kindergarten
 yesterday. There are twenty
 seven little children here and
 they are all very blind. I am
 sorry because they can not
 see much. Sometime will they
 have very well eyes? Poor
 Edith is blind and deaf
 and dumb. Are you very
 sad for Edith and me? Soon
 I shall go home to see my
 mother and my father and
 my dear good and sweet
 little sister. I hope you will
 come to Alabama to visit
 me and I will take you

to ride in my little cart
 and I think you will like
 to see me on my dear gentle
 little pony's back. I shall
 wear my lovely cap and
 my new riding-dress. If
 the sun shines brightly
 I will take you to see Luila
 and Eva and Bessie

When I am thirteen years
 old I am going to travel
 in many strange and
 beautiful countries.

I shall climb very high
 mountains in Norway

and see much ice and
 snow I hope I will not
 fall and hurt my head

I shall visit little Lord
 Fountleroy in England
 and he will be glad to
 show me his grand and
 very ancient castle And
 we will run with the

deer and feed the rabbits
and catch the squirrels.

I shall not be afraid of
Faulkner's great dog
Dougall. I hope Faulkner
take me to see a very kind
queen. When I go to France
I will talk French, a little
French boy will say, Parlez-vous
Français? and I will say,
Oui, Monsieur, vous-avez un
joli chapeau. Donnez moi
un baiser. I hope you will
go with me to Athens to
see the maid of Athens.

She was very lovely lady
and I will talk Greek to
her. I will say, se agafu
and, pos echete and I think
she will say, kalos, and then
I will say chaene. Will
you please come to see me
soon and take me to the

threaten? When you come
 I will say, Kale emetha,
 and when you go home
 I will say, Kale nykta.
 Now I am too tired to
 write more. je vous aime.

Au revoir

From your darling little
 friend Helen A. Keller

On the 29th of October she wrote to her aunt in Tuscumbia a brief letter, in which she recurs to the same subject with her usual clearness. As this epistle may serve as a confirmation of the statement made above, I copy it herewith *verbatim, literatim* and *punctuatim*. It may be proper in this connection to state, once for all, that whenever any passage of Helen's writings is quoted in the accounts concerning her, it is done with a sense of the importance of a scrupulous adherence to the exact form she used. No change and no correction is ever made, not even of the orthography. The note in question reads as follows:—

My dearest Aunt,—I am coming home very soon and I think you and every one will be very glad to see my teacher and me. I am very happy because I have learned much about many things. I am studying French and German and Latin and Greek. *Se agapo* is Greek, and it means I love thee. *J'ai une bonne petite*

sœur is French, and it means I have a good little sister. *Nous avons un bon père et une bonne mère* means, we have a good father and a good mother. *Puer* is boy in Latin, and *Mutter* is mother in German. I will teach Mildred many languages when I come home.

Helen A. Keller.

These letters, together with a large number of others which she has written to relatives and friends, show conclusively not only that their tiny author is gifted with extraordinary ability for acquiring foreign languages as well as that of her own ancestors, but also that she has made surprising progress in the arrangement and coherency of her ideas, in clearness of statement and in evenness of style.

Helen has attained uncommon dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes. She spells out the words and sentences so fast and so deftly, that even those who are accustomed to this language find it extremely difficult to follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers. When left alone, she seems very happy if she has a book or her knitting, or some sewing to do for the famous Nancy and the rest of her dolls, of which she has quite a family. If she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions. Whether she reads, soliloquizes or dreams, she invariably spells out with her fingers her perceptions, her thoughts or her sleeping fantasies.

Let me observe here, that Helen's dreams, like those of all other people, are the result of the spontaneous action of her mental faculties. They are

accurately modelled upon the experiences of her waking life, producing sensations similar in kind to those received in her state of consciousness, but without order or congruity, because uncontrolled by the will. Persistent inquiries have elicited the fact, that light and sound are as completely absent from her dreams as they are from her eyes and ears. The last time that we questioned her closely as to whether she ever dreamed of seeing or hearing, she replied with emphasis, "No! I am blind and deaf."

But, remarkable as is the velocity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so are the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words formed in the same way by another person, grasping his hand in hers, and following every movement of his fingers as letter after letter conveys his meaning to her mind. Nor is the swiftness with which she peruses the embossed page, nor the rapidity with which she spells out with one hand what she reads with the other, less wonderful.

Helen is a close observer of the actions, manners and movements of those around her, and takes the greatest delight in trying to reproduce some of them. This tendency towards imitation is very strong, and enables her both to amuse herself and to entertain others. Frequently she utters sounds as if she were singing, or holds a book before her and pretends to read by moving her lips. When she visited Wellesley College, she examined the statuary carefully, and afterwards imitated the various attitudes, which had

attracted her attention. This she did with great exactness, copying from the statue of the dancing girl, for instance, the position of feet, hands, arms, head,—indeed, of the whole body.

Lack of space prevents me from enlarging on this topic; but I must give one more anecdote. Helen went to church one Sunday with Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Sullivan having first charged her little pupil to be quiet while in the sacred edifice. At first she was inclined to talk with her fingers, and asked what the minister was saying. Mrs. Hopkins told her, and then reminded her of the injunction to be still, which had been given to her. Helen immediately obeyed, turned her head in a listening attitude, and said, “I listen.”

Doubtless this gifted child is endowed with a set of intellectual faculties of the highest order, which enable her to observe acutely, to apprehend readily, to understand clearly, to imagine vividly, and to reason correctly. But the crowning glory of her talents consists in the tenacity of her memory, and in the extraordinary quickness of her perceptions. In respect to both these mental qualities she has but few equals. All that appears to be miraculous or mysterious in her case can be traced either to one or both of these sources, and be thereby explained.

Helen seldom, if ever, forgets anything that she has once learned. Names, facts, descriptions, figures, dates, all are arranged in perfect order in the capacious recesses of her cerebral structure, so that she

can use them at will. Her remembrance of past occurrences is very accurate. She can give the name and residence of any person with whom she is slightly acquainted, with perfect exactness. You may ask her about something which she wrote to a friend or put down in her diary six or seven months ago, and she will repeat the statement almost word for word. Last June she was introduced to a young Greek student, whose long name, consisting of twenty-eight letters, was spelled to her only once. In repeating it she made but one mistake. This was corrected, and about three months later she asked me where Mr. *F-r-a-n-c-i-s D-e-m-e-t-r-i-o-s K-a-l-o-p-o-t-h-a-k-e-s* was.

But, great as is the tenacity of her memory, the keenness of her perceptive faculties is even greater,—it is simply marvellous. As soon as a sensation, even of the faintest kind, reaches the sensorium, being telegraphed to her brain through the medium of the organ of touch, or through the slightest muscular contact or pressure, her mind seems to emit a species of electric light, which illumines the regions of thought, and renders things clear to the understanding. The vision of

“That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,”

is so perfect in Helen's case, that the images of her perceptions dance before it like the daffodils of Wordsworth. Instances illustrative of this point are very numerous, and are of the most profound interest,

both from a physiological and psychological point of view. Miss Sullivan has given in her sketches quite a number of them, and I have room here for only one other, which I copy from my memoranda.

One day a number of persons assembled in our dining-room were shown by Miss Moulton, the matron of the institution, a crystal lemon-squeezer of new design, and all tried in vain to guess what it was. It had never been used, and its shape failed to suggest to any one its purpose, until Helen examined it. She immediately spelled "lemonade," and wished for a tumbler, in which to prepare some. When the glass was brought, she put the squeezer in proper position upon it. On being closely questioned as to what had suggested to her an idea, which the adults around her had failed to catch, she twice put her hand to her forehead, and spelled, "I think."

Helen's fertile mind is rich in ideas and crowded with thoughts, and some of her single sayings are like flashes of light in the darkness. On being asked once, by a clergyman, what ministers are, she answered promptly, "they are men who read from a book and talk loud for people to be good." Evidently her definition is not wanting either in originality or in aptness.

Helen's moral qualities are as remarkable for their excellence as are those of her intellect. It is no hyperbole to say, that she is a personification of goodness and happiness. She never repines, and is

always so contented and gay, so bright and lively, that,

“While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark.”

Of sin and evil, of malice and wickedness, of meanness and perverseness, she is absolutely ignorant. She is as pure as the lily of the valley, and as innocent and joyous as the birds of the air or the lambs of the field. No germ of depravity can be detected in the soil of her moral constitution, even by means of the most powerful microscope. Her natural feeling of regard for others because they have manifested kindness and admiration towards her, has thus far been a strong protection against the growth of inordinate selfishness. To her envy and jealousy are utterly unknown. She is in perfect harmony and on the best of terms with every one. Her disposition,

“Like a bee in a wild of flowers,
Finds everywhere perfume.”

She loves her parents, her baby sister, her teacher, her relatives and friends, her playmates and companions, her dolls, her animals, and all living creatures, with a sympathy so broad and deep that it opens her heart to the noblest inspirations. By her benevolence and good will towards all, she teaches us how to seek the highest goal,

“To earn the true success;
To live, to love, to bless.”

As a striking illustration of Helen's intense fond-

ness for all living creatures, and of her great interest in their welfare, we print in full the following description of a touching incident, written by one of our teachers in the girls' department, Miss Fanny S. Marrett: —

Helen is much interested in eleven tadpoles which have their home in a glass globe in one of our schoolrooms. The acquaintance began several weeks ago, when a tadpole was caught and put into her hand. This was her introduction. It was a pleasure to note the wonderful eagerness and tenderness with which she made discoveries concerning the form and structure of this new object. She seemed to realize at once that she had come in contact with a very delicate organism, and that she must deal gently with it. She was soon told why the little creature ought to be put back into the dish, and having learned how essential water is to the life of a tadpole, she did not wish to have any of the eleven taken from their native element. She would plunge her hand into the globe, delighted to feel the tadpoles swimming around in it; and very often she succeeded in catching some of them, but she always held them under water.

One day the tiny creatures were transferred to a more shallow dish, and one of them leaped beyond the margin and fell upon the schoolroom floor.

A teacher found it as she was going with Helen to pay the usual visit to the tadpoles. She gave it to Helen, who examined it very carefully, while her face and language expressed a most loving sympathy. Suddenly the tail moved, and at this faint sign of life Helen gave a quick and joyous spring, and signified her wish that the tadpole should at once be put in water. She then named it "the sick tadpole." For some days afterward, the first question she asked upon entering the schoolroom was, "how is tadpole?" When told that he seemed quite well and strong again, she said to many friends in her happiest way, "tadpole is much better!" Even now, as she realizes the joyous activity of the tadpoles as they swim past her hand, she does not forget that one of them has suffered, and her first inquiries are always for "the one that was sick."

She is fond of modelling in clay, and the phases of the tadpole's life have been, of late, a favorite theme for this work. A

bowl is first made, and then, one by one, eleven tadpoles appear in it. She has learned that our tadpoles become frogs by and by, and she often suggests in clay this future state of development. A frog has therefore a place on the board beside the tadpole, and Helen delights in contrasting the two forms of life which she has represented.

The beautiful traits of Helen's character are evenly developed in all directions. They shine from all sides of her nature like brilliant stars. Her loveliness of soul beams through her face. She is so simple and natural, so sweet and affectionate, so charming and generous, so magnanimous and unselfish, that all lovers of poetic childhood cannot help holding her dear, and counting her among the gems of humanity. She certainly is a veritable prodigy, a rare phenomenon, in whom some of the highest intellectual qualities are combined with a spirit whose saintliness makes her life a blessing upon earth. Although her vision, her hearing and her speech are entirely gone, yet, to use the words of Shakespeare,—

“There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.”

At my urgent request, Helen, accompanied by her mother and her teacher, came to the north in the last week of May, and spent several months with us as our guest. I need scarcely say that her arrival in Boston was hailed with great delight. She immediately sought the acquaintance of our pupils and entered at once into the spirit of their work. She

joined them in some of their daily occupations and participated in the commencement exercises of our school with the greatest pleasure. Her appearance on the platform at Tremont Temple was an event never to be forgotten. It reminded one with peculiar force of the following words of Shakespeare:—

“My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.”

She was so active and vivacious, so graceful and beautiful, that the spell of her magnetic presence was felt instantly.

“Her face — it was an image of the day,
As pure and sunny as the summer skies.”

Her reading with the fingers of one hand and spelling out the words with those of the other was one of the gems of the occasion, and raised the tide of enthusiasm to the highest point. Her countenance was beaming with earnestness, and her features were lighted up with delight. Her demeanor was so natural and charming, and her simplicity so touching, that she electrified the vast audience, who greeted her with rounds of applause.

“Then shook the sacred shrine and sudden light
Sprang through the roof, and made the temple bright.”

Helen's participation in the exercises is thus described in the report of the trustees:—

The reading exercise was supplemented by the introduction of that second Laura Bridgman, Helen Keller, eight years old, from Alabama,—a child of remarkable talent, whose rapid progress

in the acquisition of knowledge and the command of language during the year and a half that she has been under the wise, affectionate and patient training of Miss Anna M. Sullivan, one of the most gifted and accomplished graduates of our institution, has been simply marvellous. On this occasion she read with the left hand, rapidly and easily, a little story from the raised type, telling it at the same time with her right hand through the finger alphabet to her teacher, who interpreted to the amazed, delighted audience. The ways of the child were so attractive and so unaffected, she was so happy and enthusiastic in the acquisition of each new thought or image, so eager to learn more, almost acting the whole story out with an electric play of gestures and of features, an unconscious eloquence of the whole body, that she seemed inspired. There was a grace and fascination in her every movement. Life and the knowledge of new things, new thoughts, new people, seemed an insatiable delight to her. Her mental activity is untiring. Throughout the livelong day she seeks, she learns, and she enjoys. And her nature is most affectionate; she remembers and she loves every one who has taken friendly notice of her, showing the most devoted fondness for her teachers and her nearest friends. Of course the whole great audience were moved to deepest sympathy, and wholly captivated by so rare a child.

We copy from the *Boston Herald* of the 8th of June the following extract on the same subject:—

The annual exercises took place in Tremont Temple yesterday afternoon; and, as usual, the large hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. One of the great attractions was the presence of little Helen Keller, the blind, deaf and dumb child from Alabama, who, with her mother and teacher, Miss Anna Sullivan, are now on a visit to Mr. Anagnos. This child is a veritable wonder, and every eye was on her as she sat on the platform, happy and delighted, as though she was cognizant of everything that was going on about her. No child in full possession of her senses looked happier or more intelligent than did she, and it was a perfect delight to watch her as her teacher would explain to her about the place and what was being done. There would be a serious, intent look on her face, as though she was trying to comprehend it all;

suddenly she would grasp the idea, and a perfect flash of intelligence would come over her face ; she would break out into a smile of pleasure, and her little hands would wave ecstatically over her head. Sometimes in her delight she would clasp her teacher and kiss her fervently. A more perfect revelation of childish *naïveté* and *abandon* was never seen. It was delightful from the child's very unconsciousness. One forgot her infirmity ; the light of understanding and intellect was so bright upon the beautiful little face, that it did not seem possible that she could be so barred away from the beauties of the natural world. On the seat near her sat Laura Bridgman, and her serene, peaceful face was beautiful in its calm content, as was that of the child in her overflowing happiness. Looking at these two, the mature woman and the little child, each with similar physical losses or lacks, one could but feel how grand was the work which had opened the world of knowledge to them ; and a feeling of reverent admiration for the man who conceived the work, and for his successor, who is so grandly carrying it on, came into the hearts of all who saw them.

The exercises included addresses by Rev. William Elliot Griffis, Dr. Samuel Eliot, and Rev. S. W. Brooke. As a special treat, a sort of surprise, little Helen took part in the exercises. She read a little poem about "What the Bird Does," reading the raised letters with one hand and spelling with the other, while the teacher translated for her. She entered fully into the spirit of it. Her little hands flew when she spoke of the bird's flying ; and a low little laugh, the only sound she makes, accompanied the gesture. She was grace itself ; the birds she read of were not more so. Then, with the little kindergarteners, she modelled in clay, and told what she had made. The lesson was on "bees" ; and she made "a jug of honey for little sister, who was away in Alabama, a cup and saucer to give mamma tea, a saucer and spoon to eat honey from, and a nest for the little bird to lay her eggs in."

The *Boston Post* of June 8 gives the following account of Helen and her reading :—

The third little girl could not give voice to what she perused ; for she was not only blind, but also deaf and dumb. Behind her stood a lady, Miss Anna Sullivan, holding the little one's right

hand in hers ; and, through this contact, her only one with the world and life, the little creature continuously communicated to the lady things that must have been absolutely joyous and delightful, if one could judge from the birdlike energy of the restless small fingers, the happy face tossed first this way and then that, the dancing little feet, and the whole child-frame absolutely surcharged and a-quiver in every part with an insuppressible and astonishing vitality and vivacity. Every now and then she looked up, and pulling the kind lady at her side down to her caught her by the neck, and kissed her in a very overflow of light-heartedness and affection. When her time to read came, she absorbed with her left hand the story in her book, and with her right simultaneously communicated it to the right hand of her teacher, whose mouth then delivered the tale to the audience. Devious as was the route the words traversed, they reached utterance in an almost unbroken current. The little girl's pantomime was something no one who saw it can ever forget. She read with extraordinary intelligence and delight. When she described the little bird she was reading about as soaring "up, up in the sunny air," she thrust her right hand up higher and higher each time in a perfect ecstasy of appreciation and rapture. Coming to the bottom of the page, she turned it with breathless eagerness and triumphant emphasis ; and, when she reached the end of the marvellous story of the "birdie," her little body fairly jumped in a paroxysm of enchantment, while at the same moment a gurgle of uncontainable delight burst from her like the sudden overflow of waters from a silver fountain. Then she turned, and danced round in a maze of glee, refusing to be led, ascending the steps on the way back to her seat as on the wings of the exuberant life in her, and proving almost as hard to compose into her chair as it would be to quiet the surf on the beach. This amazing little being, not yet eight years old, was Helen Keller.

The *Boston Globe* of the same date describes as follows Helen's participation in the exercises :—

The appearance of little Helen Keller was watched for with the greatest eagerness ; and, when Mr. Anagnos announced that his little guest would take part in the "sight" reading by touch, the interest of the audience was at a white heat. Most of those present had never seen Helen before ; and they were charmed at

once with her graceful, well-developed little figure, her pretty unconscious manner, and the remarkable intelligence which beamed from every feature of her expressive countenance. She stood behind her little table with the book open before her, her devoted teacher, Miss Sullivan, by her side. The two made a picture too pretty and too pathetic to be soon forgotten; and, when Mr. Anagnos stepped up to make an announcement, Helen reached up and drew his face down to hers with a gesture so winsome and graceful that a ripple of murmured sympathy ran through the audience, and everybody envied him the loving kiss she gave him. Then, with her left hand feeling the raised letters, Helen repeated them to her teacher with her right hand, the latter pronouncing them aloud for her to the thousands of listeners, of whom she, poor child, was utterly unconscious. The story was about a bird; and when Helen, who read fast and with the utmost eagerness, found words or ideas which pleased her, such as the eggs, the baby birds, etc., she made a soft sound expressive of her delight, which was like the cooing of a dove. Sometimes she laughed aloud with pleasure, and turned to caress her teacher as another means of expressing it. Some thoughts she expressed in pantomime also, as when she read that the bird had wings with which she flew far off in the sky, making a slight waving gesture with her lifted hand; and, when the story spoke of the mother bird bringing worms for the hungry little ones, she made an indescribable little grimace, and laid her hand for an instant on her stomach.

Later, while the story of the bee was being told and modelled, Helen was at work also, learning from the teacher what the others were doing, and reaching out to find it out for herself from time to time with the most friendly little pats and gestures to her small neighbors. After the others had finished, Miss Sullivan came forward, and asked what Helen had made. Her face was wreathed in smiles as she replied with the rapid movements of her tiny fingers, which the teacher read aloud:—

“A jar full of honey for little sister.”

“Where is little sister?”

The answer came back promptly, “In Tuscumbia, Alabama.”

“What else have you made?”

“A cup and saucer to give mamma tea.”

As the class was dismissed and turned to take their seats, Helen jumped about lightly, and always as gracefully as a young fawn, making funny little movements with her hands. Her teacher

questioned her, and then laughingly explained to the audience that Helen said she was catching bees. Some of the audience laughed at that, and some of them cried.

Helen's stay in Boston, although very short, was of inestimable benefit to her in more ways than one. She visited many places of interest, and was received everywhere with a cordiality that could hardly be surpassed. She made numerous warm friends, who are strongly attached to her. She met with many persons who could converse with her by means of the manual alphabet, and thus came into contact with minds variously constituted. We gladly allowed her to use freely our library of embossed books, our collection of stuffed animals, sea-shells, models of flowers and plants, and the rest of our apparatus for instructing the blind through the sense of touch. I do not doubt that she derived from them much pleasure and not a little profit.

But, whether Helen stays at home or makes visits in other parts of the country, her education is always under the immediate direction and exclusive control of her teacher. No one interferes with Miss Sullivan's plans, or shares in her tasks. She has been allowed entire freedom in the choice of means and methods for carrying on her great work; and, as we can judge by the results, she has made a most judicious and discreet use of this privilege. What the little pupil has thus far accomplished is widely known, and her wonderful attainments command general admiration; but only those, who are familiar with the

particulars of the grand achievement, know that the credit for it is largely due to the intelligence, wisdom, sagacity, unremitting perseverance and unbending will of the instructress, who rescued the child from the depths of ever-during night and stillness, and watched over the different phases of her mental and moral development with maternal solicitude and enthusiastic devotion.

As Miss Sullivan alone can speak with authority of the course pursued in the education of Helen in all its details, and of the various phenomena relating to such a unique case, I urged her to take up the thread of her narrative where she left it last year, and bring it down to the present date. In compliance with my request, she prepared the following account, which, as a specimen of simple, clear, pithy and cogent statement, is a model in its way. Here is her story.

In the sketch of Helen Keller, which I wrote a year ago, I gave a brief account of her progress from March 2, 1887, to October of the same year. I shall now continue the account as late as Oct. 1, 1888.

During the past year Helen has enjoyed excellent health. She has grown in stature and increased in strength. She is tall for her age (eight years), well formed and vigorous. Her eyes and ears have been examined by skilful specialists, and it is their opinion that she cannot have the slightest perception of either light or sound. The remaining senses have visibly improved.

It is impossible to tell exactly to what extent the senses of smell and taste aid her in gaining information respecting physical qualities ; but, according to eminent authority, these senses do exert a great influence on the mental and moral development. Dugald Stewart says : “Some of the most significant words relating to the human mind are borrowed from the sense of smell ; and the conspicuous place, which its sensations occupy in the poetical language of all nations, shows how easily and naturally they ally themselves with the refined operations of the fancy and the moral emotions of the heart.” Helen certainly derives great pleasure from the exercise of these senses. On entering a green-house her countenance becomes radiant, and she will tell the names of the flowers, with which she is familiar, by the sense of smell alone. Her recollections of the sensations of smell are very vivid. She enjoys in anticipation the scent of a rose or violet ; and, if promised a bouquet of these flowers, a peculiarly happy expression will light up her face, indicating that in imagination she perceives their fragrance, and that it is pleasant to her. It frequently happens that the perfume of a flower or the flavor of a fruit recalls to her mind some happy event in home life, or a delightful birthday party. She seems to have the same fondness for eating that other children have at her age.

In regard to the sense of touch, it has sensibly increased in power during the year, and has gained in acuteness and delicacy. Indeed, her whole body is so finely organized that she seems to use it as a medium for bringing herself into closer relations with her fellow-creatures. She is able not only to distinguish with great accuracy the different modulations of the air and the vibrations of the floor made by various sounds and motions, and to recognize her friends and acquaintances the instant she touches their hands or cloth-

ing, but she also perceives the state of mind of those around her. It is impossible for any one with whom she is conversing to be particularly happy or sad, and withhold the knowledge of this fact from the child.

She observes the slightest emphasis placed upon a word in conversation, and she discovers meaning in every change of position, and in the varied play of the muscles of the hand. She responds quickly to the gentle pressure of affection, the pat of approval, the jerk of impatience, the firm motion of command, and to the many other variations of the almost infinite language of the feelings ; and she has become so expert in interpreting this unconscious language of the emotions, that she is often able to divine our very thoughts.

In my account of Helen last year, I mentioned several instances of occasions wherein she seemed to have called into use an inexplicable mental faculty ; but it now seems to me, after carefully considering the matter, that this power may be explained by her perfect familiarity with the muscular variations in the physique of those with whom she comes into contact, caused by the play of their different emotions. Surrounded by darkness and stillness, she has been forced to depend largely upon this muscular sense as a means of ascertaining the mental condition of those about her. She has learned to connect certain movements of the body with anger, others with joy, and others still with sorrow. One day, while she was walking out with her mother and Mr. Anagnos, a boy threw a torpedo, which startled Mrs. Keller. Helen felt the change in her mother's movements instantly, and asked, "what are we afraid of?" On one occasion, while walking on the common with her, I saw a police officer taking a man to the station-house. The agitation which I felt evidently produced a perceptible physical change ; for Helen asked, excitedly, "what do you see?"

A striking illustration of this strange power was recently shown while her ears were being examined by the aurists at Cincinnati. Several experiments were tried, to determine positively whether or not she had any perception of sound. All present were astonished when she appeared not only to hear a whistle, but also an ordinary tone of voice. She would turn her head, smile, and act as though she had heard what was said. I was then standing beside her, holding her hand. Thinking that in all probability she was receiving impressions from myself, I put her hands upon the table, and withdrew to the opposite side of the room. The aurists then tried their experiments with quite different results. Helen remained motionless through them all, not once showing the least sign that she realized what was going on. At my suggestion, one of the gentlemen took her hand, and the tests were repeated. This time her countenance changed whenever she was spoken to, but there was not such a decided lighting up of the features as when I had held her hand.

It will be remembered that in the account of Helen last year it was stated that she knew nothing about death, or the burial of the body ; and yet, on entering a cemetery for the first time in her life, she showed signs of emotion,—her eyes actually filling with tears.

A circumstance equally remarkable occurred last summer ; but, before relating it, I will mention what she now knows with regard to death. Even before I knew her, she had handled a dead chicken, or bird of some sort, and perhaps also the carcass of some other small animal in which life was extinct ; but her knowledge did not extend beyond what could be learned from such contact. Some time after the visit to the cemetery before referred to, Helen became interested in a horse that had met with an accident, by which

one of his legs had been badly injured, and she went daily with me to visit him. The wounded leg soon became so much worse that the horse was suspended from a beam, in order to relieve the pressure upon the limb. The poor animal groaned with pain, and little Helen, perceiving his groans, was filled with pity. At last it became necessary to kill him, and, when Helen next asked to go and see him, I told her that he was *dead*. This was the first time that she had learned this word. I then explained to her that he had been shot, to relieve him from suffering, and that he was now *buried*,—put into the ground. I am inclined to believe that the idea of his having been intentionally shot did not make much impression upon her; but I think she did realize the fact that life was extinct in the horse as in the dead birds she had touched, and also that he had been put into the ground. Since this occurrence I have used the word *dead* whenever occasion required, but with no further explanation of its meaning.

While making a visit at Brewster, Mass., she one day accompanied my friend and myself through the graveyard. She examined one stone after another in a quiet way, and seemed pleased when she could decipher a name. She smelt of the flowers, but showed no desire to pluck them; and, when I gathered a few for her, she refused to have them pinned on her dress, although she is always very fond of wearing flowers. Her attention being drawn to a marble slab inscribed with the name FLORENCE in relief, she dropped upon the ground as though looking for something, then turned to me with a face full of trouble, and asked, “where is poor little Florence?” I evaded the question, but she persisted in asking about her. Turning to my friend, she asked, “did you cry loud for poor little Florence?” Then she added: “I think she is very dead. Who

put her in big hole?" As she continued to ask these distressing questions, we left the cemetery. Florence was the daughter of my friend, and was a young lady at the time of her death; but Helen had been told nothing whatever about her, nor did she even know that my friend had ever had a daughter. On the evening of our arrival, Helen had been given a bed and carriage for her dolls, which she had received and used like any other gift. On her return to the house after her visit to the cemetery, she ran to the closet where these toys were kept, and carried them to my friend, saying, "they are poor little Florence's." This was perfectly true, although we were at a loss to understand how she divined it. A letter written to her mother in the course of the following week gave an account of her impressions in her own words:—

I put my little babies to sleep in Florence's little bed, and I take them to ride in her carriage. Poor little Florence is dead. She was very sick and died. Mrs. H. did cry loud for her dear little child. She got in the ground, and she is very dirty, and she is cold. Florence was very lovely like Sadie, and Mrs. H. kissed her and hugged her much. Florence is very sad in big hole. Doctor gave her medicine to make her well, but poor Florence did not get well. When she was very sick, she tossed and moaned in bed. Mrs. H. will go to see her soon.

Notwithstanding the activity of Helen's mind, she is a very natural child. She is fond of fun and frolic, and loves dearly to be with other children. She is never fretful or irritable, and I have never seen her impatient with her playmates because they failed to understand her. She will play for hours together with children who cannot understand a single word she spells, and it is extremely pathetic to watch the eager gestures and excited pantomime through which her ideas and emotions find expression. Occasionally some little boy or girl will try to learn the manual alphabet. Then it

is beautiful to observe with what patience, sweetness, and perseverance Helen endeavors to bring the unruly fingers of her little friend into proper position. Her own heart is so full of love and sympathy that it responds quickly to the needs of others, and her affectionate nature endears her to all with whom she comes in contact. She had never known anything of the merry Christmas season until last year, and it would be difficult to describe with what joyful surprise she hailed the revelation of its existence. She entered happily into the spirit of giving and receiving. During this time, we had many manifestations of the unselfishness and goodness of the child's disposition. One evening, while going about among the children at a Christmas-tree festival, she discovered a little girl who had been overlooked in the distribution of presents. Helen searched for the child's gifts; but, not finding them, she flew to her own, and selected a mug, a thing which she prized most highly, and gave it to the little stranger with abundant love. In the following letter to a little friend, she expresses her delight in the Christmas festivities:—

Tuscumbia, Ala., Jan. 2nd, 1888.

Dear Sarah I am happy to write to you this morning. I hope Mr. Anagnos is coming to see me soon. I will go to Boston in June and I will buy father gloves, and James nice collar, and Simpson cuffs. I saw Miss Betty and her scholars. They had a pretty Christmas-tree, and there were many pretty presents on it for little children. I had a mug and little bird and candy. I had many lovely things for Christmas. Aunt gave me a trunk for Nancy and clothes. I went to party with teacher and mother. We did dance and play and eat nuts and candy and cakes and oranges and I did have fun with little boys and girls. Mrs. Hopkins did send me lovely ring, I do love her and little blind girls.

Men and boys do make carpets in mills. Wool grows on sheep. Men do cut sheep's wool off with large shears, and send it to the mill. Men and women do make wool cloth in mills.

Cotton grows on large stalks in fields. Men and boys and girls and women do pick cotton. We do make thread and cotton dresses of cotton. Cotton has pretty white and red flowers on it. Teacher did tear her dress. Mildred does cry. I will nurse Nancy. Mother will buy me lovely new aprons and dress to take to Boston. I went to Knoxville with father and aunt. Bessie is weak and little. Mrs. Thompson's chickens killed Leila's chickens. Eva does sleep in my bed. I do love good girls.

Good by

Helen Keller

One day, while Helen was wearing a little jacket of which she was very proud, her mother said: "there is a poor little girl, who has no cloak to keep her warm. Will you give her yours?" The response came instantly. Helen began to pull off the jacket, saying, "I must give it to a poor little strange girl."

She is very fond of children younger than herself, and a baby invariably calls forth all the motherly instincts of her nature. She will handle the infant as tenderly as the most careful nurse could desire. It is pleasant, too, to note her thoughtfulness for little children, and her readiness to yield to their whims.

She has a very sociable disposition, and delights in the companionship of those who can follow the rapid motions of her fingers; but, if left alone, she will amuse herself for hours at a time with her knitting or sewing.

She reads a great deal, and a story is an unfailing source of pleasure to her. She bends over her book with a look of intense interest, and, as the forefinger of her right hand runs along the line, she spells out the words with the other hand; but often her motions are so rapid as to be unintelligible even to those accustomed to reading the swift and varied movements of her fingers.

Those who watch her are astonished to see how every shade of feeling finds expression through her mobile feat-

ures. There is none of that artificial politeness about my little pupil which restraint invariably produces. Her behavior is easy and natural, and it is charming because of its frankness and evident sincerity. Her little heart is too full of unselfishness and affection to allow a dream of fear or unkindness. She does not realize that one can be anything but kind-hearted and tender. Even in a crowd, she is always her own sweet self. She is not conscious of any reason why she should be awkward or uneasy: consequently, her movements are as free, unconventional, and graceful as those of the birds of the air.

I am aware that my description of Helen may seem to those who do not know her extravagant in its praise; but her numerous friends will bear testimony most gladly to the sweetness, unselfishness, and beauty of her disposition. Every day of her life she is teaching us gratitude and contentment; and she teaches those great lessons with such truth, patience, and joyousness, that we never tire of her radiant presence.

She is very fond of all the living things at home, and she will not have them unkindly treated. When she is riding in the carriage, she will not allow the driver to use the whip, because, she says, "poor horses will cry." One morning she was greatly distressed by finding that one of the dogs had a block fastened to her collar. We explained that it was done to keep Pearl from running away. Helen expressed a great deal of sympathy with the dog, and, at every opportunity during the day, she would find Pearl and carry the burden from place to place for the creature.

Her father wrote to her last summer that the birds and bees were eating all his grapes. At first, she was very indignant, and said the little creatures were "very wrong"; but she seemed pleased when I explained to her that the

birds and bees were hungry, and did not know that it was selfish to eat all the fruit. In a letter written soon afterward, she says : —

I am very sorry that bumble-bees and hornets and birds and large flies and worms are eating all of my father's delicious grapes. They like juicy fruit to eat as well as people, and they are hungry. They are not very wrong to eat too many grapes because they do not know much.

She likes to be out of doors, and enjoys tending the flowers and watching the growth of the fruit and vegetables.

The following extracts, written by her at different times, will serve to show her familiarity with the size, shape, taste, and smell of some of our common fruits : —

Apples.

Jan. 9, 1888.— Apples have no edges and no angles. Apples grow on trees. They grow in the orchards. When they are ripe they fall on the ground. Apples have round surfaces. Apples do not re-bound. Apples do roll. They have stems and seeds and cores. The pulp is sweet and juicy. Apples are like oranges. We do eat the pulp of apples. I do like apples.

Feb. 12, 1888.— Teacher and I went to walk in the yard, and I learned about how flowers and trees grow. The rain and the warm sun make them grow. Flowers and trees live. Stones do not live. Worms and small bugs live under them. The grass is like a green carpet.

March 1, 1888.— I will tell what I did all day. I got up and put on my clothes and washed my face and hands and combed my hair and went to breakfast. I found oranges and two bananas at my place. I gave teacher one banana. Mrs. Lueddemann sent me the fruit. After dinner I wrote to Miss Lewis to thank her for pretty bag and purse. Teacher took me to walk in bright sun. We went to stores and bought candy, and almonds, and pins and hair pins. Aunt went with us. I gave Maud and Eva candy. Helen Bynum wrote me a pretty letter. She does think about me much. I love her. We came home and I ate my orange. Oranges and bananas grow in the warm sunny South. There are many groves of orange-trees and banana-trees in Florida.

Oranges look like golden apples hanging on the trees. They have a thick skin, and inside is the sweet juicy pulp and seeds. All boys and girls like oranges to eat. Bananas have a thick, smooth skin, and hang on trees in long branches. Men pick oranges and bananas and put them in boxes and send them to cities for people to eat. If one orange costs six cents a dozen will cost seventy-two cents. If eight bananas cost twenty-four cents one will cost one-eighth of twenty-four which is three. Father gave me a lovely bouquet of mignonette, and jonquils, and heliotrope, and hyacinth and crocuses, and geraniums. I learned what view does mean. People can see view trees and flowers and grass and hills and sky is view. Worms squirm. After supper I talked to teacher and played with Mildred and went to bed.

Writing of water-melons, she says : —

Yates plows the ground and makes it very light and soft ; and father puts the little seeds in soil and the sun warms them and the rain wets them and soon they are happy to grow. In very many days the vines grow and then wee and round melons come. They grow very large and the warm sun makes them rippen. Father goes out into the garden and picks huge melon and cuts it and I do like to eat sweet and cool and juicy water-melons.

LANGUAGE.

She continues to make rapid progress in the acquisition of language. She has now a vocabulary of about three thousand words, all of which she can spell correctly ; and she uses them with a freedom and an accuracy not often found among hearing children of the same age. Every day she is increasing this vocabulary by the new words that she learns. It has become so natural to her to use the finger language as a vehicle for the expression of her thought, that each idea, as it flashes through her busy brain, suggests the words which should embody it. Indeed, she seems always to think in words. Even while she sleeps, her fingers are spelling the confused and rambling dream-thoughts.

During the past year, at the Perkins Institution and elsewhere, she has met a great many people who knew the

manual alphabet, and who were delighted to converse with her. Thus the true use of language was brought forcibly before her mind, and practice has enabled her to use it with increased alacrity and correctness. She soon discovered that the words she began to learn a year and a half ago were capable of expressing not only her physical needs, but also her mental sensations and emotions, and of describing her many and varied experiences, as well as conveying her wishes and thoughts, her dreams and fancies, her hopes and fears. Her command of language has grown with the increase of her experiences. While these were few and elementary, her vocabulary was necessarily limited; but, as she learns more of the world about her, her judgment acquires accuracy, her reasoning powers grow stronger, more active and subtle, and the language by which she expresses this intellectual activity gains in fluency and logic.

When travelling from one place to another, she drinks in thought and language with an energy, which shows how insatiable is her thirst for knowledge. Sitting beside her in the car, I describe what I see from the window,—the hills and valleys and the rushing rivers; the great cotton-fields and immense gardens in which strawberries, peaches, pears, melons, and all kinds of vegetables are growing; the herds of cows and horses feeding in broad meadows, and the flocks of sheep on the hillside; the cities with their churches and schools, hotels and warehouses, and the occupations of the busy people. While I am communicating these things, Helen manifests the most intense interest; and, in default of words, she indicates by gestures and pantomime her desire to learn more of her surroundings and of the great forces which are operating everywhere. In this way, she learns countless new expressions without any apparent effort.

From the day when Helen first grasped the idea that all

objects have names, and that these can be communicated by certain movements of the fingers, I have talked to her exactly as I should have done had she been able to hear, with only this exception, that I have addressed the words to her fingers instead of her ears. Naturally, there was at first a strong tendency on her part to use only the important words in a sentence. She would say, "Helen milk." I would get the milk, to show her that she had used the correct word; but I would not allow her to drink it until she had, with my assistance, made a complete sentence, as, "give Helen some milk to drink." In these early lessons, I accustomed her to the use of different forms of expression for conveying the same idea. If she were eating some candy, I would say, "will Helen please give teacher some candy?" or, "teacher would like to eat some of Helen's candy," emphasizing the 's. She very soon perceived that the same idea could be expressed in a great many ways. In two or three months after I began to teach her, she would say, "Helen wants to go to bed," or, "Helen is sleepy, and Helen will go to bed."

I am constantly asked the question, "how did you teach her the meaning of words expressive of intellectual and moral qualities?" It is extremely difficult to tell just how she came to understand the meaning of abstract ideas, and to acquire the power of expressing them; but I believe it was more through association and repetition than through any explanation of mine. This is especially true of her earlier lessons, when her knowledge of language was so slight as to make explanation well-nigh impossible.

I have always made it a practice to use the words descriptive of emotions, of intellectual or moral qualities and actions, in connection with the circumstance which required these words. Soon after she was put under my charge, Helen

broke her new doll, of which she was very fond. She began to cry. I said to her, "teacher is *sorry*." After a few repetitions of this word whenever any occasion called for its use, she came to associate it with the feeling to which it belongs.

The word "happy" she learned in a similar way; also, "right," "wrong," "good," "bad," and others of like character. The word "love" she learned as other children do,—by its association with caresses.

One day I asked her a very simple question in the combination of numbers, to which I was sure she could give a correct reply. But she began—as children often do—to answer at random. I checked her, and she stood still, the expression of her face plainly showing that she was trying to think. I touched her forehead, and then spelled "t-h-i-n-k." It was the first time that I had given her the word; but, being thus connected with the act, it seemed to impress itself upon her mind much as if I had placed her hand upon an object and then spelled its name. Since that time she always uses the word "think" intelligently.

At a later period I began to use such words as "perhaps," "suppose," "expect," "forget," "remember." If her mother was absent, Helen would ask, "where is mother now?" I would reply, "I do not know. *Perhaps* she is with Leila."

She is always anxious to learn the names of people we meet in the horse-cars or elsewhere, and to know where they are going, and what they will do. The following conversation illustrates her interest in those about her, and shows how words of this kind are taught:—

HELEN. What is little boy's name?

TEACHER. I do not know, for he is a little strange boy; but *perhaps* his name is Jack.

HELEN. Where is he going?

TEACHER. He *may be* going to the common to have fun with other boys.

HELEN. What will he play ?

TEACHER. I *suppose* he will play ball.

HELEN. What are boys doing now ?

TEACHER. *Perhaps* they are expecting Jack, and are waiting for him.

After the words have become familiar to her, she begins to use them in composition, as shown in the following illustration : —

Sept. 26.—This morning teacher and I sat by the window and we saw a little boy walking on the side walk. It was raining very hard and he had a very large umbrella to keep off the rain-drops.

I do not know how old he was but *think* he *may have been* six years old. *Perhaps* his name was Joe. I do not know where he was going because he was a little strange boy. But *perhaps* his mother sent him to a store to buy something for dinner. He had a bag in one hand. I *suppose* he was going to take it to his mother.

Helen A. Keller.

In teaching her the use of language, I have not confined myself to any particular theory or system. I have observed the spontaneous movements of my pupil's mind, and have tried to follow the suggestions thus given to me.

INTELLECTUAL GROWTH.

Owing to the nervousness of Helen's temperament, all attempts to confine her to a regular and systematic course of instruction have been abandoned, and every precaution has been taken to avoid unduly exciting her already very active brain. The greater part of the year has been spent in travel and in visits to different places, and her lessons have been those suggested by the various scenes and experiences through which she has passed. She continues to

manifest the same eagerness to learn as at first. She seems never to tire of gathering new facts and ideas. From the time when she rises in the morning until she retires at night, she never rests, and any little scrap of knowledge, which comes within her reach, she seizes with avidity. It is never necessary to urge her to study. Indeed, I am often obliged to coax her to leave an example or a composition.

While not confining myself to any special system of instruction, I have tried to add to her general information and intelligence, to enlarge her acquaintance with things around her, and to bring her into easy and natural relations with her fellow-creatures. It has been my constant aim to enable her to converse fluently with those familiar with the manual alphabet, and to commit her thoughts to paper. As an aid in this direction, I have encouraged her to keep a diary, from which the following selections have been made:—

March 2nd.—Mr. Anagnos sent me Geographical Reader. It tells about the world and countries, and people and strong forces and water. The ground is firm, and the water is not solid, and it is moving flowing, and men build our boats and ships to go on water. We build our houses upon ground. People do not build houses on water.

March 7th.—I played with dolls and read in my book and ate dinner. Then I went to ride with mother. We went to see Leila. Eva is sick, and I saw Mary Winston and Maud Beauprie. They came to see me, and I ran fast with them. Mother saw Doctor and we went home to see teacher. Aunt went home. Teacher had a letter from Mr. Anagnos. He is in Florida. He will climb trees on ladder and pull sweet oranges, and he is going to Macon to see his friend and Mr. Williams does teach little blind boys and girls and I will ask Mr. Anagnos how many blind children. Mr. Anagnos will go to Tuscumbia to see us. He will tell me about Macon and Florida. I will hug and kiss him.

March 9th.—I read stories to mother after dinner. Book did tell about Fannie Lang. She lived in Boston a few years. She

is a little sick girl. She did love poetry. Her sister wrote little songs, and made little book. She was blind but could not go to school. I am sorry for her. Teacher had a letter from Miss Moore. She will write me Braille letter. I went to bed then.

March 22nd, 1888.—Mr. Anagnos came to see me Thursday. I was glad to hug and kiss him. He takes care of sixty little blind girls and seventy little blind boys. I do love them. Little blind girls sent me a pretty workbasket. I found scissors and thread, and needle book with many needles in it, and crotchet hook and emery, and thimble, and box, and yard measure and buttons, and pin-cushion. I will write little blind girls a letter to thank them. I will make pretty clothes for Nancy and Adeline and Allie. I will go to Cincinnati in May and buy another child. Then I will have four children. New baby's name is Harry. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Mitchell came to see us Sunday. Mr. Anagnos went to Louisville Monday to see little blind children. Mother went to Huntsville. I slept with father, and Mildred slept with teacher. I did learn about calm. It does mean quiet and happy. Uncle Morrie sent me pretty stories. I read about birds. The quail lays fifteen or twenty eggs and they are white. She makes her nest on the ground. The blue-bird makes her nest in a hollow tree and her eggs are blue. The robin's eggs are green. I learned a song about spring. March, April, May are spring.

“Now melts the snow.
The warm winds blow
The waters flow
And robin dear,
Is come to show
That Spring is here.”

James killed snipes for breakfast. Little chickens did get very cold and die. I am sorry. Teacher and I went to ride on Tennessee River, in a boat. I saw Mr. Wilson and James row with oars. Boat did glide swiftly and I put hand in water and felt it flowing.

I caught fish with hook and line and pole. We climbed high hill and teacher fell and hurt her head. I ate very small fish for supper. I did read about cow and calf. The cow loves to eat grass as well as girl does bread and butter and milk. Little calf does run and leap in field. She likes to skip and play, for she is happy when the sun is bright and warm. Little boy did love his

calf. And he did say, I will kiss you, little calf, and he put his arms around calf's neck and kissed her. The calf licked good boy's face with long rough tongue. Calf must not open mouth much to kiss. I am tired, and teacher does not want me to write more.

March 23rd.— I learned to write one, two three, seven and nine on my type slate. Teacher told me story about selfish boy. Boy's name was Eddie Smith. When Eddie had a new toy he would not let his little sister May play with it. None loved Eddie, for he was selfish boy. My dear little sister. She loves to whirl and jump and sing. She laughs and cries and loves to dance with me. She hops and runs and falls down. She can hold still to have mother sew buttons on her dress, and tie bows and brush her hair, and Mildred is as sweet as a rose. Lucien came to see me yesterday. He brought me bunch of hyacinths. I will go to see him to-morrow and he will show me birds' nests and eggs. Quiet means to be still and rest. When Mildred is sleeping I do keep very quiet. Mild means gentle and kind. Fierce lion is not mild. The cows and sheep are mild animals. Separate means not connected. I do separate the words when I write. I separated teacher's watch from the chain. I will learn more to-morrow. I hope Robert will come to see me Sunday if the sun shines.

March 24th.— I learned to write two, four, five, six and eight on type slate, and I wrote some sentences very carefully with pencil. I will write about geography. A book which tells about the earth and the countries upon it and the people who live in the countries is called a geography. When we look around us we see land and the water. The land is firm and solid. We walk and ride over it, we build our houses upon it, we sow seeds in it and soon it is covered with young plants, trees, and flowers and grass grow out of the ground. The water is not solid and it is not firm, we cannot walk or ride in carriages over it and we do not build houses upon it. But we can build ships and boats to carry people upon the water. The earth is round like a very large ball. It is always whirling round. It never stops for a minute. Geography tells about strong fierce animals and strange plants which live on the land and in the water. Day is calm. The breeze does move trees gently, and the river flows smoothly. Little birds are happy to sing in the bright sun. Night was not calm. The wind did blow, and rain fell and thunder did shake the house and bed. Teacher and I went down stairs to mother for we were afraid. Rain killed thirty little chickens. Night was stormy.

March 26th.—I had letter from Mr. Anagnos. He does love me. He saw thirty-four little blind girls and forty-one little blind boys in Nashville Tennessee. There are thirty girls and forty boys in school for blind children in Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Anagnos sent me four hugs and five kisses. Today I did learn to write examples on the type slate and I learned many new words. Flock does mean many birds near together. Brood means six little chickens. Herd does mean many cows, and calves, and horses near together. Litter is four little kittens, or three little puppies or six little pigs. Family is father and mother and brothers and sisters. Daughter does mean girl child, son does mean boy child. Observe means to look at everything very carefully. I observed teacher's hair was coiled this morning.

She has been given every opportunity to broaden her mind, and to learn something about the numerous and diverse interests of those around her. In the autumn she went to a circus, and was greatly interested in the animals. She learned their names, homes and habits, what they do, and how they are caught and taken from place to place for exhibition. While we were standing before his cage, the lion roared, and Helen felt the vibration of the air so distinctly that she was able to reproduce the noise quite accurately.

I tried to describe to her the appearance of a camel; but, as we were not allowed to touch the animal, I feared that she did not get a correct idea of its shape. A few days afterwards, however, I became satisfied, that she had made a very good mental picture of it; for, hearing a commotion in the schoolroom, I went in and found Helen on all fours with a pillow so strapped upon her back as to leave a hollow in the middle, thus making a hump on either side. Between these humps she had placed her doll, to which she was giving a ride around the room. I watched her for some time as she moved about, trying to take long strides in order to carry out the idea I had given her of the camel's gait.

When I asked her what she was doing, she replied, "I am a very funny camel."

The following extracts from Helen's diary illustrate what she has learned about familiar animals : —

Rats.

Jan. 16th, 1888.—Rats are small animals. They are made of flesh, and blood and bone. They have four feet and a tail. They have one head and two ears and two eyes and one nose.

They have one mouth and sharp teeth. They gnaw holes in wood with their teeth. They do walk softly.

Rats killed little pigeons. Cats do catch rats and eat them.

March 8th, 1888.—We had fish for breakfast. Fish live in the deep water. There are many hundreds of fish swimming about in the water. Men catch fish with poles and hooks and lines. They put a little tiny fish on the hook and throw it in the water and fish does bite the little fish and sharp hook does stick in poor fish's mouth and hurt him much. I am very sad for the poor fish. Fish did not know that very sharp hook was in tiny fish. Men must not kill poor fish. Men do pull fish out and take them home and cooks do clean them very nice and fry them and then they are very good to eat for breakfast.

Description of a Horse.

March, 1888.—I will write about horse. The horse is a large animal. He can run very swiftly. He has four feet and a tail, he has a mouth and large teeth. He is covered with short hairs.

He is very strong and can pull buggy and carry ladies and gentlemen on his back. We will not go near their heels because they run and throw them up in the air. Horses like to play as well as boys and girls.

One day Polly did jump and kick and throw teacher and me on the ground. I did hurt my side. Polly was very wrong to hurt us so. Hardee is gentle and will not make us fall.

July 14th, 1888.—Some horses are very mild and gentle, and some are wild and very cross. I like to give gentle horse nice fresh grass to eat because they will not bite my hand, and I like to pat their soft noses. I think mild horses like to have little girls very kind to them. Horses neigh, and lions roar, and wolves howl, and cows mow, and pigs grunt, and ducks quack, and hens

cackle, and roosters crow, and birds sing, and crows caw, and chickens say peep, and babies cry, and people talk and laugh and sing and groan, and men whistle and bells ring. Who made many noises?

The following anecdote is given as another illustration of the vivid impression which word pictures make upon her mind. Monkeys had been described to her minutely, and she had read several stories about them; but she had never touched one until she was taken to the library of the Perkins Institution, where there is a collection of stuffed birds and animals. She put her hand upon a monkey and instantly recognized it, spelling, with delight, "it is a monkey." She was shown a snake; but when her hand was placed upon it, she jumped back excitedly, spelling rapidly, "I am afraid, for it is an ugly snake." The word *ugly* had been used in connection with descriptions of a snake, but she had never been taught it was an object of fear. Whence came the antipathy and terror which she manifested at the first contact with this creature? Did it arise from her perception, through the muscular sense, of our own aversion to this reptile?

It always affords her great delight to be taken to the woods, where she can examine the leaves and the bark of the trees. In a letter to Mr. Anagnos she expresses her pleasure in such an excursion.

Tuscumbia, Ala. May 3rd 1888.

Dear Mr. Anagnos.—I am glad to write to you this morning, because I love you very much. I was very happy to receive pretty book and nice candy and two letters from you. I will come to see you soon and I will ask you many questions about countries and you will love good child.

Mother is making me pretty new dresses to wear in Boston and I will look lovely to see little girls and boys and you. Friday teacher and I went to a picnic with little children. We played games and ate dinner under the trees, and we found ferns and

wild flowers. I walked in the woods and learned names of many trees. There are poplar and cedar and pine and oak and ash and hickory and maple trees. They make a pleasant shade and the little birds love to swing to and fro and sing sweetly up in the trees. Rabbits hop and squirrels run and ugly snakes do crawl in the woods. Geraniums and roses jasmines and japonicas are cultivated flowers. I help mother and teacher water them every night before supper.

Cousin Arthur made me a swing in the ash tree. Aunt Ev. has gone to Memphis. Uncle Frank is here. He is picking strawberries for dinner. Nancy is sick again, new teeth do make her ill. Adeline is well and she can go to Cincinnati Monday with me. Aunt Ev. will send me a boy doll, Harry will be Nancy's and Adeline's brother. Wee sister is a good girl. I am tired now and I do want to go down stairs. I send many kisses and hugs with letter.

Your darling child

Helen Keller.

She was very much interested in the process of cutting lumber, and she was astonished when I told her that the wood used in building houses once grew in the forest. While a new house was in process of erection near her home, I took her every day to see it, and she was allowed to follow the motions of the carpenter as he sawed the boards, shaped and planed them, and drove the nails. She watched the masons, painters, and paper-hangers at work; and I venture to say that she learned more of tools and their uses, and the amount and variety of labor required in building a house, than is known by most women.

Whenever she visits a place for the first time she receives new ideas and adds to her store of general information. In the steam cars, railway stations, hotels and shops, she is constantly asking: "What do you see? — What are people doing? — How many people are there?"

So eagerly does she ask these questions, so quickly does she catch an idea, and so tenaciously remember what has

been told her, that description and explanation never become irksome to me. Indeed, there is much to learn in these every-day occurrences, and they assume a new interest for us when we note the pleasure and gratification they afford her.

While visiting relatives in Memphis, Tenn., she was taken to see one of the large steamboats on the Mississippi River. After going over the boat, she said, "it is like a very large house." At the cotton exchange in the same city, she was introduced to a great many gentlemen, all of whom were very attentive to their little visitor. She seemed puzzled when she discovered maps and blackboards there, and asked, "do men go to school?" Before leaving the exchange she wrote on the blackboard the names of all the gentlemen present.

The following letter was written during this visit:—

Memphis, Tenn. Jan. 31st 1888.

Dear Mother,—I am happy to write to you this morning. We came to Memphis in steam car to see grandmother and uncle Fred and uncle Cranworth and aunt Nannie. James and aunt and teacher and I rode in hack. Saturday I went to see little Helen Graves, I found a box of candy in Mr. Grave's pocket. Katie and Lillie and Maud and Virginia and Tiny and Charles and Arthur and Adolph came to play with me. We did have fun. We did jump and run and play frog, and I did carry Allen on pack-saddle. I do love Allen. He did hug and kiss me. Thornton spelled boy and girl on fingers.

I will hug you and take you in my arms. Tomorrow will be February. Mr. Anagnos will come soon.

Dr. Thornton came to see us. I do cough. I am better. Teacher did curl my hair beautiful. We will come home soon. Memphis is a large city, it is in Tennessee. I did get your letter. I am sorry father did dirty nice coat. I will feed little chickens when I come home.

Doctor has come to see Louise. I do not like to write long

letter with pencil, I am tired. I will put letter in Office for you. Give father and Mildred kisses.

Good bye

Helen Keller.

In a letter written to Mr. Anagnos nearly a month later, she also mentions the same visit, and many incidents connected with it, the remembrance of which gave her a great deal of pleasure.

Tuscumbia, Ala. Feb. 24th 1888.

My dear Mr. Anagnos,— I am glad to write you a letter in Braille. This morning Lucien Thompson sent me a beautiful bouquet of violets and crocuses and jonquils. Sunday Adeline Moses brought me a lovely doll. It came from New York. Her name is Adeline Keller. She can shut her eyes and bend her arms and sit down and stand up straight. She has on a pretty red dress. She is Nancy's sister and I am their mother. Allie is their cousin. Nancy was a bad child when I went to Memphis she cried loud, I whipped her with a stick.

Mildred does feed little chickens with crumbs. I love to play with little sister.

Teacher and I went to Memphis to see aunt Nannie and grandmother. Louise is aunt Nannie's child. Teacher bought me a lovely new dress and gloves and stockings and collars and grandmother made me warm flannels, and aunt Nannie made me aprons. Lady made me a pretty cap. I went to see Robert and Mr. Graves and Mrs. Graves and little Natalie, and Mr. Farris and Mr. Mayo and Mary and everyone. I do love Robert and teacher. She does not want me to write more today. I feel tired.

I found box of candy in Mr. Grave's pocket. Father took us to see steam boat it is like house. Boat was on very large river. Yates plowed yard today to plant grass. Mule pulled plow. Mother will make garden of vegetables. Father will plant melons and peas and beans.

Cousin Bell will come to see us Saturday. Mother will make ice-cream for dinner, we will have ice-cream and cake for dinner. Lucien Thompson is sick. I am sorry for him.

Teacher and I went to walk in the yard, and I learned about how flowers and trees grow. Sun rises in the east and sets in the

west. Sheffield is north and Tuscumbia is south. We will go to Boston in June. I will have fun with little blind girls.

Good bye

Helen Keller.

Last May she was taken by her uncle to the medical convention at Cincinnati, in order that he might ascertain the opinion of specialists as to the possibility of restoring either her sight or hearing. While there she met hundreds of physicians and their families, and her happy, playful disposition and remarkable acquirements won many warm friends. When I recently asked her whom she saw in Cincinnati, she unhesitatingly spelled more than a hundred names; and she also remembered the states and cities in which many of these gentlemen reside.

In the latter part of May, Mrs. Keller, Helen and I started for Boston. For nearly a year she had been anticipating this trip, and when at last the time for it came her joy was unbounded. A letter written to Mr. Morrison Heady shows something of the pleasure she experienced in anticipating this visit.

Tuscumbia, Ala. March 1st 1888.

My dear uncle Morrie, I am happy to write you a letter, I do love you, and I will hug and kiss you when I see you.

Mr. Anagnos is coming to see me Monday. I do love to run and hop and skip with Robert in bright warm sun. I do know little girl in Lexington Ky. her name is Katherine Hobson.

I am going to Boston in June with mother and teacher, I will have fun with little blind girls, and Mr. Hale will send me pretty story. I do read stories in my book about lions and tigers and bears.

Mildred will not go to Boston, she does cry. I love to play with little sister, she is weak and small baby. Eva is better.

Yates killed ants, ants stung Yates. Yates is digging in garden. Mr. Anagnos did see oranges, they look like golden apples.

Robert will come to see me Sunday when sun shines and I will

have fun with him. My cousin Frank lives in Louisville. I will come to Memphis again to see Mr. Farris and Mrs. Graves and Mr. Mayo and Mr. Graves. Natalie is a good girl and does not cry, and she will be big and Mrs. Graves is making short dresses for her. Natalie has a little carriage. Mr. Mayo has been to Duck Hill and he brought sweet flowers home.

With much love and a kiss

Helen A. Keller.

We spent a few days in Washington, where Prof. Alexander Graham Bell visited us. He was delighted to find that Helen could converse rapidly, and use language intelligently and correctly. He talked to her about animals, and sent her a toy elephant, which pleased her exceedingly. Concerning her visit to Washington she writes :—

Mr. Bell came to see us. He talked very fast with his fingers about lions and tigers and elephants. He was very kind to send me a fine elephant. The real elephant is a very large animal and his body is very heavy. He walks slowly and shakes the ground. He cannot run because he is too big. He has four very strong legs and a little tail. His ears are thin and his eyes are large and mild. The elephant is not fierce like the lion. He has a long funny nose and he can move it. Some times little children give him candy and he puts it into his mouth with his nose. It is not kind to laugh at a poor elephant because he has no hands. He has two long and very sharp teeth and they are called tusks. When wild animals hunt the elephant he is very angry and he strikes them with his tusks.

Helen describes her visit to the President as follows :—

We went to see Mr. Cleveland. He lives in a very large and beautiful white House, and there are lovely flowers and many trees and much fresh and green grass around. And broad smooth paths to walk on. Teacher told me about the beautiful river that is very near the gardens. The Potomac River is clear and it is very beautiful when the sun shines upon it. Mr. Cleveland was very glad to see me.

On our arrival in Boston (May 26) we went directly to the Perkins Institution. Helen very soon became acquainted with the friends, of whom she had talked so long, and with some of whom she had already entered into correspondence. On finding that almost every one whom she met understood her language, she was overjoyed. Up to this time, with a few exceptions, she had found no one able to converse with her, save her mother and myself. With the enlarged opportunities afforded by intercourse with so many different minds, she rapidly gained greater readiness in conversation. She eagerly sought the acquaintance of the blind children, and entered with delight into their occupations. The modelling in clay was a great pleasure to her; and, after a few lessons, she achieved a very good degree of success. The bead-work she learned very quickly; and, when she was able to use four needles, she was delighted with the thought that she could knit a pair of stockings for her father. She was greatly interested in examining the school apparatus, the uses of which she readily comprehended. The maps, type-writers, and physiological models were sources of great pleasure to her.

After she had been in Boston about six weeks, she visited Plymouth. On the way thither, she was told the story of the pilgrims, and especially that part of it, which was connected with the place she was to visit. It was the first time that she had been taught anything of the past,—her first lesson in history. Three months afterwards she embodied this lesson in the following letter:—

South Boston, Mass. October 1st, 1888.

My dear uncle Morrie,—I think you will be very glad to receive a letter from your dear little friend Helen. I am very happy to write to you because I think of you and love you. I read pretty stories in the book you sent me, about Charles and his boat, and Arthur and his dream, and Rosa and the sheep.

I have been in a large boat. It was like a ship. Mother and teacher and Mrs. Hopkins and Mr. Anagnos and Mr. Rodocanachi and many other friends went to Plymouth to see many old things. I will tell you a little story about Plymouth.

Many years ago there lived in England many good people, but the king and his friends were not kind and gentle and patient with good people, because the king did not like to have the people disobey him. People did not like to go to church with the king; but they did like to build very nice little churches for themselves.

The king was very angry with the people and they were sorry and they said, we will go away to a strange country to live and leave very dear home and friends and naughty king. So, they put all their things into big boxes, and said, Good-bye. I am sorry for them because they cried much. When they went to Holland they did not know any one; and they could not know what the people were talking about because they did not know Dutch. But soon they learned some Dutch words; but they loved their own language and they did not want little girls and boys to forget it and learn to talk funny Dutch. So they said, We must go to a new country far away and build schools and houses and churches and make new cities. So they put all their things in boxes and said, Good bye to their new friends and sailed away in a large boat to find a new country. Poor people were not happy for their hearts were full of sad thoughts because they did not know much about America. I think little children must have been afraid of a great ocean for it is very strong and it makes a large boat rock and then the little children would fall down and hurt their heads. After they had been many weeks on the deep ocean where they could not see trees or flowers or grass, but just water and the beautiful sky, for ships could not sail quickly then because men did not know about engines and steam. One day a dear little baby-boy was born. His name was Peregrine White. I am very sorry that poor little Peregrine is dead now. Every day the people went upon deck to look out for land. One day there was a great shout on the ship for the people saw the land and they were full of joy because they had reached a new country safely. Little girls and boys jumped and clapped their hands. They were all glad when they stepped upon a huge rock. I did see the rock in Plymouth and a little ship like the Mayflower and the cradle that dear little Peregrine slept in and many

old things that came in the Mayflower. Would you like to visit Plymouth some time and see many old things.

Now I am very tired and I will rest.

With much love and many kisses, from your little friend,

Helen A. Keller.

Early in July she went to Brewster, where she spent the remainder of the summer. This visit at the seaside was a novel experience to her. When first taken into the water she ran fearlessly forward, dancing along with the same happy freedom she manifests on land, and delighted with the splashing of the water around her. Unfortunately striking her foot against a stone, she stumbled and fell forward, and the salt water filled her mouth. The shock of the fall, by which she was instantly submerged, the coldness of the water,—and especially the seeming violence with which the salt waves rushed into her mouth,—terrified her, and seemed to arouse in her a feeling of indignation. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered to use her fingers, she asked, excitedly, “who put salt in water?” For several days afterwards she manifested great timidity about bathing, but by degrees she regained her former fearlessness. She would wade in until the water was up to her ears; and, though at first she would be frightened when a wave caught her and swept her back, she soon came to think this the greatest fun of all. She also learned to float. In short, she thoroughly enjoyed her stay at the seashore. In the following letter she mentions the happy days spent there:—

So. Boston, Mass. Sept. 1888.

My dear Miss Moore

Are you very glad to receive a nice letter from your darling little friend? I love you very dearly because you are my friend. My precious little sister is quite well now. She likes to sit in my little rocking-chair and put her kitty to sleep. Would you like to see darling little Mildred? She is a very

pretty baby. Her eyes are very big and blue, and her cheeks are soft and round and rosy and her hair is very bright and golden. She is very good and sweet when she does not cry loud. Next summer Mildred will go out in the garden with me and pick the big sweet strawberries and then she will be very happy. I hope she will not eat too many of the delicious fruit for they will make her very ill.

Sometime will you please come to Alabama and visit me? My uncle James is going to buy me a very gentle pony and a pretty cart and I shall be very happy to take you and Harry to ride. I hope Harry will not be afraid of my pony. I think my father will buy me a beautiful little brother some day. I shall be very gentle and patient to my new little brother. When I visit many strange countries my brother and Mildred will stay with grandmother because they will be too small to see a great many people and I think they would cry loud on the great rough ocean.

When Capt. Baker gets well he will take me in his big ship to Africa. Then I shall see lions and tigers and monkeys. I will get a baby lion and a white monkey and a mild bear to bring home. I had a very pleasant time at Brewster. I went in bathing almost every day and Carrie and Frank and little Helen and I had fun. We splashed and jumped and waded in the deep water. I am not afraid to float now. Can Harry float and swim? We came to Boston last Thursday, and Mr. Anagnos was delighted to see me, and he hugged and kissed me. The little girls are coming back to school next Wednesday.

Will you please tell Harry to write me a very long letter soon? When you come to Tuscumbia to see me I hope my father will have many sweet apples and juicy peaches and fine pears and delicious grapes and large water melons.

I hope you think about me and love me because I am a good little child.

With much love and two kisses

From your little friend

Helen A. Keller.

In September she made a very delightful visit in West Newton, of which she gives an account in a letter written to her mother.

So. Boston, Mass. Sept. 24th.

My dear Mother,

I think you will be very glad to know all about my visit to West Newton. Teacher and I had a lovely time with many kind friends. West Newton is not far from Boston and we went there in the steam cars very quickly.

Mrs. Freeman and Carrie and Ethel and Frank and Helen came to station to meet us in a huge carriage. I was delighted to see my dear little friends and I hugged and kissed them. Then we rode for a long time to see all the beautiful things in West Newton. Many very handsome houses and large soft green lawns around them and trees and bright flowers and fountains. The horse's name was Prince and he was gentle and liked to trot very fast. When we went home we saw eight rabbits and two fat puppies, and a nice little white pony, and two wee kittens and a pretty curly dog named Don. Pony's name was Mollie and I had a nice ride on her back; I was not afraid, I hope my uncle will get me a dear little pony and a little cart very soon.

Clifton did not kiss me because he does not like to kiss little girls. He is shy. I am very glad that Frank and Clarence and Robbie and Eddie and Charles and George were not very shy. I played with many little girls and we had fun. I rode on Carrie's tricycle and picked flowers and ate fruit, and hopped and skipped and danced and went to ride. Many ladies and gentlemen came to see us. Lucy and Dora and Charles were born in China. I was born in America, and Mr. Anagnos was born in Greece. Mr. Drew says little girls in China cannot talk on their fingers but I think when I go to China I will teach them. Chinese nurse came to see me, her name was Asu. She showed me a tiny atze that very rich ladies in China wear because their feet never grow large. Amah means a nurse. We came home in horse cars because it was Sunday and steam cars do not go often on Sunday. Conductors and engineers do get very tired and go home to rest. I saw little Willie Swan in the car and he gave me a juicy pear. He was six years old. What did I do when I was six years old? Will you please ask my father to come to train to meet teacher and me? I am very sorry that Eva and Bessie are sick. I hope I can have a nice party my birthday, and I do want Carrie and Ethel and Frank and Helen to come to Alabama to visit me. Will Mildred sleep with me when I come home.

With much love and thousand kisses.

From your dear little daughter.

Helen A. Keller.

Some time before I went to Tuscumbia Helen had experienced the danger of fire. While standing before an open grate one day, she reached forward so far that her apron caught afire, the flames running up to her head, scorching her hair so badly that it became necessary to have it shaved off. Fortunately her mother was at hand to catch and wrap her in a blanket, thus extinguishing the flames before any very serious harm had been done; but the lesson was well remembered, and when I first knew Helen she often told me, in pantomime, the details of the accident, and even now she always draws her garments very closely about her whenever she approaches an open fire-place. Thus Helen has made a very real acquaintance with two of the elements, fire and water, and has learned by actual experience something of the danger attending contact with each of them. Indeed, she has now no greater fear of either than is necessary to ensure personal safety.

Her intellectual progress during the year can be appreciated only by those who have seen her frequently. She has an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and great quickness of perception. She easily grasps any new idea; and with this mental alertness she combines a happy faculty of embodying her thoughts and impressions in language. She not only reads a great deal, but she is usually able to reproduce, in her own language, the principal points of the story or poem she has perused once or twice. The following selection will suffice to show that she not only possesses an intelligent appreciation of her subject, but that she also catches the spirit of the writer:—

Tuscumbia, Ala. March 31st.

Teacher told me a story about little blind boy. His name was Harry Lane. He lived in Boston with his mother and father and his wee sister Lottie and his brother Frank. Poor Harry could

not see bright flowers or the birds or the grass for he was very blind. He could not go to the school for blind children because he was weak and small. When Frank went to school Harry stayed at home and rocked little sister. Harry's mother could not take him to walk in warm sun for she had many dresses to make for ladies. Frank learned many nice things in school. After school he played games with boys and girls and they went to Gardens and had fun. Frank saw beautiful flowers and trees and little fish in a pond, and birds hopping on the soft grass and he was very happy like the birds. Mr. Anagnos was very sorry for little Harry because he could not go to school and be happy like birds and Frank. And he said I will ask kind ladies and kind gentlemen to give me some money to build a school for small blind boys and girls like Harry Lane, then they will be happy children. Good people were glad to give Mr. Anagnos much money for they were sorry for little blind children. And carpenters were glad to build nice school for them. When school was all made Harry and nine other little boys and girls were very happy. They learn to make many pretty things in new school. And they play games with balls and marbles and hop and skip and jump and they are happy and good like birds and Frank. When Mr. Anagnos gets some more money many little boys and girls will have fun.

Helen Keller.

Story.

Sept. 25th, 1888.—Ted and Tena had a very cunning little bed and when it was night and they felt very tired and sleepy their mother put them to bed and they were soon sound asleep. Then they dreamed about a picnic. They went with their little playmates to a very pretty field where the large trees made a pleasant shade, and there were daisies and buttercups and wild roses in the field and grass and a pretty little brook that rippled gaily over the pebbles, and the birds were happy high up in the trees and they sang for the little girls and boys. When they were very hungry they made a table on the green grass and ate the ice-cream and cake, and chicken and pickles and biscuit, and they drank the lemonade and cold coffee.

Then they played games and came home for they were tired and their mothers put them in their little beds to rest.

Helen A. Keller.

Rosa asked her mother to take her to see the sheep that were feeding on some fresh green grass on the side of a little hill. So, her mother told Rosa to get her hat and she would take her to look at the sheep. When Rosa saw the sheep she was very happy and said there are the sheep, may I run with them? They are very mild and they will not hurt me. I will catch a tame sheep and bring it to you. No, said her mother you could not bring one to me because they are too large. I will go with you and we can talk to a pretty lamb. While her mother was talking a large sheep saw some bright flowers in Rosa's hat and he thought they were real flowers and he was hungry and so he began to eat them. Rosa's mother drove the sheep off many times but he kept coming back and trying to pull off the flowers and at last Rosa and her mother had to go out of the field.

Helen A. Keller.

Oct. 21st.—Genevieve is a pretty little maiden and she is good and sweet and fair. There are two roses in her smiling face and her hair is as bright as the sunshine and her voice is soft and loving. Genevieve is a happy little maiden because she is always affectionate and kind. Her heart is full of loving thoughts. She loves to hear the birds sing and to run and dance and catch the pretty butterflies. Every one loves Genevieve because she is so gentle, sweet and loving. She has a roguish little brother, his name is Willie. He has a face as round as an apple and two laughing blue eyes. He is always jumping and leaping and prancing. Her sister Lue is six years old and her wee little sister Bessie is a timid little darling. She is just two years old. One day she went out into the garden and laid her bright head on the Strawberry bed to hear what the red cheeked berries were saying. She loved to go with Lue and Genevieve and sit in the swing that hung in the huge ash tree and the little birds up in the tree thought baby Bessie made a pretty picture as the swing moved gently to and fro.

Helen A. Keller.

Oct. 24.—Arthur went to walk in the garden one beautiful day with his mother. The birds were singing, and the flowers were very bright and fragrant. After a while Arthur saw some lovely white flowers and they looked like tiny white bells. He asked his mother the name of the beautiful flower and she told him it was the lily of the valley. Arthur thought the little flowers would

make pretty night caps for the fairies. He told his mother that he should like to sleep under the leaves of the lily of the valley with a flower for a cap. Why, said she, how very small you would have to be. Your head would have to be not much larger than the head of a pin.

The next morning Arthur came downstairs in great glee for he had been dreaming while he was asleep about the beautiful flowers. He told his mother all about it, and she was glad to listen because it was a very pleasant dream.

Arthur thought he was sitting under the lily of the valley and he was so small he could put his head into one of the tiny bells. He sat very near an acorn and he was such a wee little boy he could lean on it. He heard a bird singing and he thought it was his mother calling him. He was a very funny little boy and his mother laughed very hard at his pretty dream.

Helen A. Keller.

To Helen the heroes and heroines of her little stories are real boys and girls, in whom she manifests a lively interest. She does not for a moment doubt that some day she will see Lord Fauntleroy, and enjoy in reality all the incidents of Mrs. Burnett's charming book. She seems to prefer stories which exercise the imagination. She is very fond of such poetry as comes within her comprehension, and it will be seen from many of her letters and compositions, that she catches the poetical spirit which pervades juvenile tales.

The development of her mind is apparent in the increased interest she manifests, and in the character of the questions she asks when a new subject is presented to her. In earlier lessons, when I first described something new, she would ask a few simple questions, and then leave the subject, rarely returning to it voluntarily. But now her field of inquiry has enlarged, and she repeatedly recurs to previous lessons or conversations, seeking further information in the same direction.

Her progress is also shown in her greater command of

language, in her knowledge of the force of the different parts of speech, and by her increased breadth of apprehension. One evening a young lady who was attending the Boston High School told Helen that she was studying Latin. Helen turned to me and asked, "what is Latin?" I explained to her that it was a language spoken a long time ago, and, by way of illustration, I told her that a table in Latin was *mensa*. She immediately asked, "what is *girl*? *boy*? *father*? *mother*?" — and in a few minutes she had learned seven or eight Latin words. The next morning she asked, "where is my *pater*?" When we went out for a walk, and I told her about a little boy whom I saw, she remarked, "I would like to see little *puer*." She learned some French, German, and Greek words with the same facility.

Previous to last March, when her regular lessons ceased, she had made considerable progress in arithmetic. She could add, subtract and multiply numbers as high as one hundred, and had learned the multiplication tables. She could do quickly such examples as these: What is a half, a third, a fourth, a fifth of any given number? What do three eights and four fives equal? If one apple costs two cents, what will three dozen cost? If twelve oranges cost forty-eight cents, what will one cost? She learned also to represent the numbers on the type-slate used by the blind. At first it was difficult for her to understand that the types represented so many apples and oranges; but after a few days she overcame this obstacle, and then she was incessantly puzzling her brain with examples, both in school and out of it. Even when she was in bed, her thoughts still dwelt upon numbers, until she became so excited that she could not sleep. Then we banished the type-slate and discontinued the lessons in arithmetic, fearing that her health,

and perhaps her mental faculties, might become seriously injured.

She began the study of geography during the past year, and has acquired the notion of the points of the compass and of boundaries. She will bound a room, a house, a garden, without difficulty, and she has worked a little with the maps. She had learned, at different times, the names of a few of the states in connection with other subjects, and she now learned at a single lesson the names of all the states of the Union, and their correct spelling.

She can sew a little, as well as knit, and she has learned the crochet stitch. Her beadwork and clay modelling have been previously mentioned. Very little time has been given to any of these occupations, yet she seems to find enjoyment in all of them; but, as I have already plainly indicated, her attention thus far has been chiefly devoted to the acquisition of language, and her progress in this direction has been most gratifying.

In this connection I will mention one point, which is perhaps worthy of note, and to which I have not hitherto alluded,—that is, her tendency to abbreviate words and sentences in conversation. Although in all my intercourse with her I have made it my rule to form complete sentences and to require her to do the same, yet she is continually leaving out not only important words but whole phrases. If I have something in my hand, she will ask “what?”—meaning, “what is it?” or “what have you?” If I say, “I am going upstairs,” she will ask, “to?”—meaning, “what are you going to do?” If I am going to walk, she will say “with?”—expecting me to tell her with whom I am going. But when we remember by what a slow method she is compelled to ask these simple questions, does it seem strange that she sometimes disregards words, which are not abso-

lutely necessary for gaining the desired information? I have no doubt, however, that she will overcome this tendency, and will then express herself as clearly and fully in conversation as she now does in composition.

Like other children, she is constantly seeking something new. She examines every object within her reach, and ascertains the size, shape, density and use of whatever she touches. When we think what a variety of information can be obtained through the sense of touch, concerning temperature, weight, form, size, muscular exertion, pressure, and many other properties more or less marked, it does not seem surprising, that Helen should be able to perceive qualities not appreciable to those who have sight and hearing, and whose visual and auditory impressions claim that attention, which Helen concentrates upon the sense of feeling.

Her judgment of distances, and of the relation of places to each other, is less accurate than that of blind persons in general. I have often known her to make the circuit of a room several times, in searching for some article that she had only a moment before laid upon a chair or table.

I have tried to improve every opportunity for showing Helen beautiful objects. When we go out for a walk, I seek to turn her attention away from any petty annoyances. In fact, I never allow her to talk of such matters during the time for recreation. It is best for children — and especially those who are situated as Helen is — to think more often of others than of themselves, to cultivate an interest in all that concerns their fellow-creatures, and to be able to appreciate and love whatever is good and beautiful. I have given her a little to observe at a time, and have insisted that she should observe that little well. In this way she learns to combine correct ideas, proper sentiments and noble impulses into logical and durable associations; and as association

makes a unit of the physical, intellectual and moral existences, and establishes a natural bond between the various parts, which constitute the mental state, great care has been taken in the formation of those associations over which we have some control.

With Helen, morality is not an edifice, erected at the cost of great labor, prudence and patience. She is naturally a very sweet, affectionate and generous child, and a very slight appeal to her sensitive little heart will invariably bring tears to her eyes.

She is remarkably correct in her deportment, and possesses a strong sense of order and neatness. She is skilful with her fingers, and is as fond of dress, articles of ornament and all beautiful things, as are other children of her age; and, with all the eager and restless activity of her mind, she is a very natural and a very lovable little girl.

